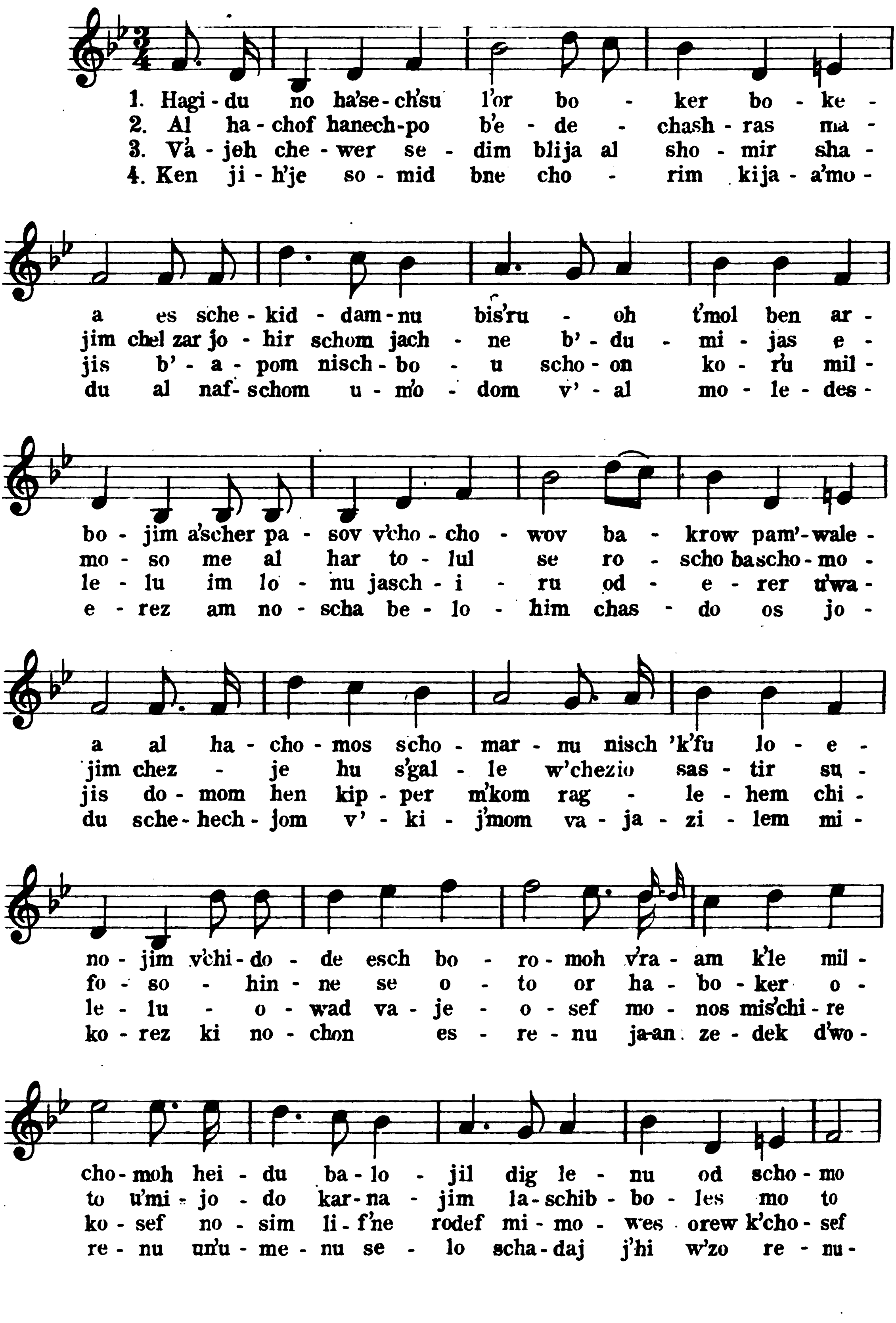
America; or My Country 'tis of Thee.

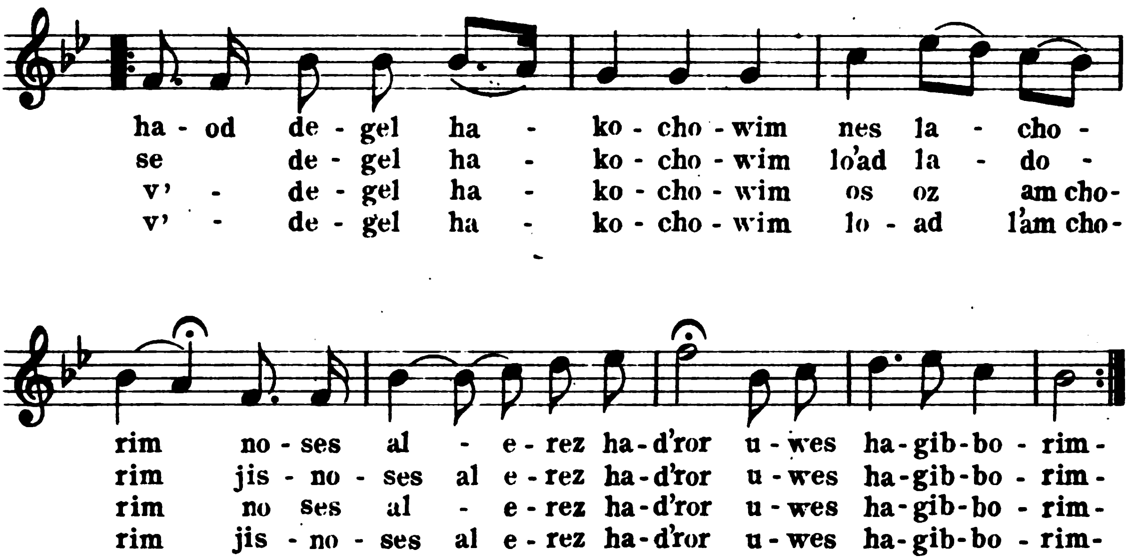


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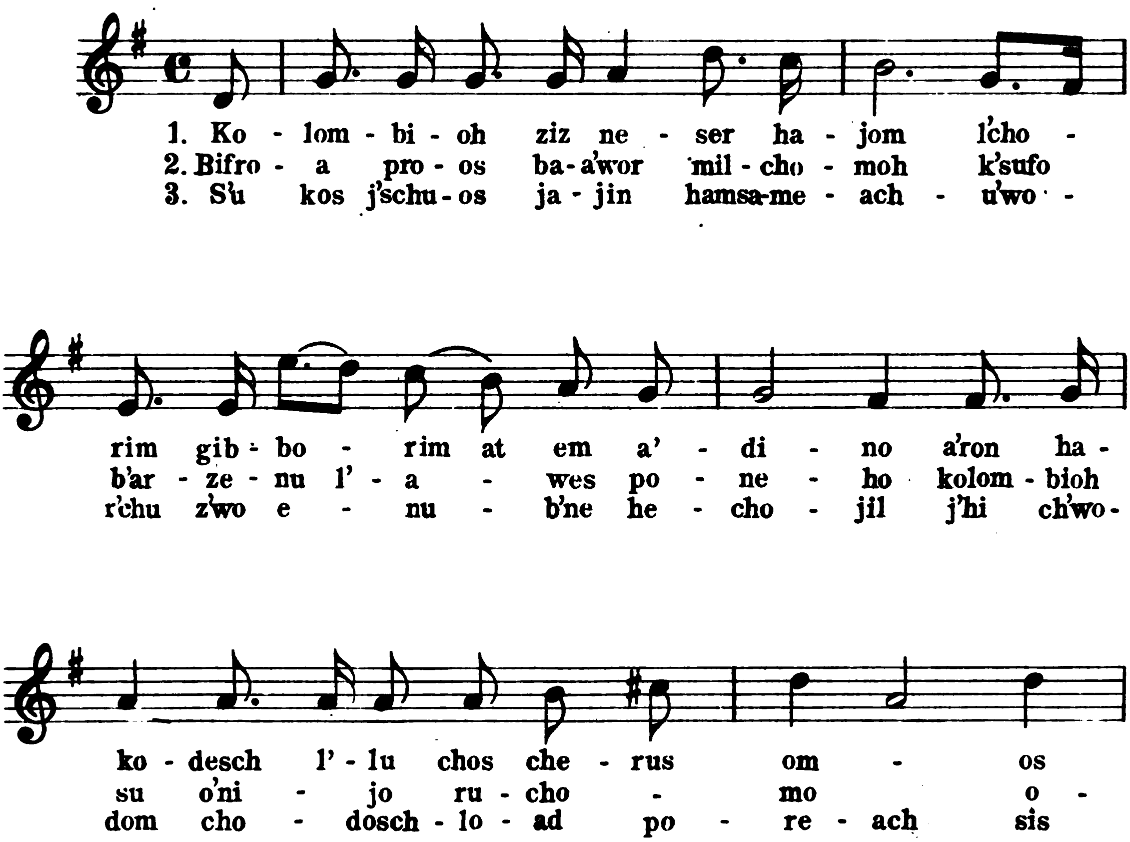
* The Ashkenazic reading according to Weintraub's method of transliteration was adopted here.

Star Spangled Banner.





Red, White and Blue.




loch ti - ten kol e - rez u - m'di - no li - - d'wo -
wro be - tach chos - ku ken tor - ne - ho ser ni -
tif - ar - tom lo ju - am ba - lo - jil wihi lo -
ra - jich gib - bo - rim je - ch'ro - du b'se - mel
zo - chon b' - rosch chib - bel a' - te - res gibo - re
ad l' - wo - wom se a - chad - u'ma - chne
had'ror es at do - ge - les mi - d'go - la jich ori - zim jir -
che - lo b'-go - on mo - we - les w'o - le - ho jo - fa nes ha - tif -
a - chas b'schem dror do - ge - les chel ha'ja - bo - scho w'hajom gam
o - du b'his - no - ses o - dom lo - won u' - s'che - les -
e - res bisch'lal z'wo - im o - dom lo - won u' - s'che - les -
ja - chad isch al dig - lo o - dom lo - won u' - s'che - les -
CHORUS.
B'his-no-ses o-dom lo-won u'-s'che - les kin'so-nes o-dom lo-won u'-s'che -
les o-ri zim jif-cho-du w' jir o - du kin'so-nes o-dom lo-won u'-s'che-les -

And where is the band who so vauntingly swore,
Mid the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country they'd leave us no more?
Their blood hath washed out their foul footsteps' pollution;
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave.
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

Oh! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved home and the war's desolation;
Blessed with victory and peace, may the Heaven-rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust":
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

וְאַיֵּה חֶבֶר זֵדִים בְּלִיַּעַל שָׁמִיר שַׁיִת,
בְּאַפָּם נִשְׁבָּעוּ, שְׁאוֹן קְרָאוּ מִלֵּלוּ,
אִם לָנוּ יִשָּׁאֲרוּ עוֹד אֶרֶץ וּבַיִת?
דָּמָם הֵן כִּפֵּר מְקוֹם רַגְלֵיהֶם חִלְּלוּ,
אָבַד וַיֵּאָסֵף מָנוֹס מִשְּׂכִירֵי כָּסֶף,
נָסִים לִפְנֵי רוֹדֵף מִמָּוֶת אוֹרֵב כְּחָתֶף,
וְדֶגֶל הַכּוֹכָבִים אוֹת עֹז עַם חוֹרִים,
נוֹסֵס עַל אֶרֶץ הַדְּרוֹר וּבֵית הַגִּבּוֹרִים!

כֵּן יִהְיֶה תָמִיד בְּנֵי חוֹרִין כִּי יַעֲמוֹדוּ,
עַל נַפְשָׁם וּמְאוֹדָם וְעַל מוֹלֶדֶת אֶרֶץ,
עַם נוֹשַׁע בֵּאלֹהִים חַסְדוֹ אָז יוֹדוּ,
שֶׁהֶחְיָם וְקִיְּמָם וַיַּצִּילֵם מִקֶּרֶץ.
כִּי נָכוֹן עֶזְרֵנוּ יַעַן צֶדֶק דְּבָרֵנוּ,
וּנְאֻמֵּנוּ סֶלָה: שַׁדַּי יְהִי בְּצָרֵנוּ!
וְדֶגֶל הַכּוֹכָבִים לָעַד לְעַם חוֹרִים,
יִתְנוֹסֵס עַל אֶרֶץ הַדְּרוֹר בֵּית הַגִּבּוֹרִים.

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER,

Oh! say can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming;
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming?
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;
Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam
Its full glory reflected now shines on the stream,
'T is the star-spangled banner! Oh! long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave

דֶּגֶל הַכּוֹכָבִים.

הַגִּידוּ נָא, הֲתֶחֱזוּ לְאוֹר בֹּקֶר בּוֹקֵעַ,
אֵת קִדַּמְנוּ בִּתְרוּעָה תְּמוֹל בֵּין עֲרָבַיִם,
אֲשֶׁר פַּסָּיו וְכוֹכָבָיו בְּקֶרֶב הַמְּבַלֵּעַ,
עַל הַחוֹמוֹת שָׁמַרְנוּ נִשְׁקְפוּ לָעֵינַיִם?
וְכִידוֹדֵי אֵשׁ בָּרָמָה, וְרַעַם כְּלֵי מִלְחָמָה,
הֵעִידוּ בַּלַּיִל דִּגְלֵנוּ עוֹד שָׁמָּה;
הַעוֹד דֶּגֶל הַכּוֹכָבִים, גֵּם לַחוֹרִים,
נוֹסֵס עַל אֶרֶץ הַדְּרוֹר וּבֵית הַגִּבּוֹרִים?

עַל הַחוֹף הַנֶּחְפָּא בְּאֵדֵי חַשְׁרַת מַיִם,
חֵיל צַר יָהִיר שָׁם יַחֲנֶה בְּדוּמִיַּת אֵימָתָה,
מֶה עַל הַר תָּלוּל זֶה רֹאשׁוֹ בַּשָּׁמַיִם,
חֶצְיֵהוּ תְּגַלֶּה וְחֶצְיוֹ תַּסְתִּיר סוּפָתָה?
הִנֵּה זֶה עַתָּה, אוֹר הַבֹּקֶר עָטָה,
וּמִיָּדוֹ קַרְנַיִם לַשִּׁבֹּלֶת מָטָּה;
זֶה דֶּגֶל הַכּוֹכָבִים! לָעַד לַדּוֹרִים,
יִתְנוֹסֵס עַל אֶרֶץ הַדְּרוֹר בֵּית הַגִּבּוֹרִים.

When war winged it wide desolation,
And threatened the land to deform,
The ark then of freedom's foundation,
Columbia, rode safe thro' the storm;
With her garlands of vict'ry around her,
When so proudly she bore her brave crew
With her flag proudly floating before her,
The boast of the red, white and blue.

CHORUS.

The winecup, the winecup bring hither,
And fill you it true to the brim,
May the wreaths they have won never wither,
Nor the star of their glory grow dim!
May the service united ne'er sever,
But they to their colors prove true!
The Army and Navy forever
Three cheers for the red. white and blue:

CHORUS.

בִּפְרוֹעַ פְּרָעוֹת בַּעֲבוּר מִלְחָמָה,
כְּסוּפָה בְּאַרְצֵנוּ לְעַוֵּת פָּנֶיהָ,
קְלָמְבִּיָה זוּ אֳנִיָה רַחֲמָה,
עָבְרָה בֶּטַח חִזְקוּ כֵּן תָּרְנֶיהָ;
זֵר נִצָּחוֹן בְּרֹאשׁ חֵבֶל עֲטֶרֶת,
גִּבּוֹרֵי חֵילָהּ בְּגָאוֹן מוֹבֶלֶת,
וְעָלֶיהָ יוֹפִיעַ נֵס הַתִּפְאֶרֶת,
בְּשַׁלַל צְבָעִים אָדוֹם, לָבָן וּתְכֵלֶת.

מקהלה.

שְׂאוּ כּוֹס יְשׁוּעוֹת, יֵין הַמְּשַׂמֵּחַ,
וּבָרְכוּ צְבָאֵנוּ בְּנֵי הֶחָיִל,
יְהִי כְבוֹדָם חָדָשׁ לָעַד פּוֹרֵחַ,
זִיו תִּפְאַרְתָּם לֹא יוּעַם בַּלָּיִל!
וִיהִי לָעַד לְבָבָם זֶה אֶחָד,
וּמַחֲנֶה אַחַת בְּשֵׁם דְּרוֹר הוֹגֶלֶת!
חֵיל הַיַּבָּשָׁה וְהַיָּם גַּם יַחַד,
אִישׁ עַל דִּגְלוֹ אָדוֹם לָבָן וּתְכֵלֶת.

מקהלה.

COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN,
OR THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE.

O Columbia! the gem of the ocean,
The home of the brave and the free.
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
A world offers homage to thee.
Thy mandates make heroes assemble,
When Liberty's form stands in view,
Thy banners make tyrany tremble,
When borne by the red, white and blue.

CHORUS.

When borne by the red, white and blue,
When borne by the red, white and blue,
Thy banners make tyrany tremble.
When borne by the red, white and blue.

אָדוֹם, לָבָן וּתְכֵלֶת.

קָלֹמְבִּיָה! צִיץ גֶזֶר הַיָם,
לְחוֹרִים גִבּוֹרִים אַתְּ אֵם עֲדִינָה,
אֲרוֹן הַקֹּדֶשׁ לְלֻחוֹת חֵרוּת עָם,
עֹז לָךְ תִּתֵּן כָּל אֶרֶץ וּמְדִינָה.
לִדְבָרַיִךְ גִבּוֹרִים יֶחֱרָדוּ,
בְּסֶמֶל הַדְּרוֹר עֵת אַתְּ דּוֹגֶלֶת,
מִדְּגָלַיִךְ עָרִיצִים יִרְעָדוּ
בְּהִתְנוֹסֵס אָדוֹם, לָבָן וּתְכֵלֶת.

מקהלה

בְּהִתְנוֹסֵס אָדוֹם, לָבָן וּתְכֵלֶת,
כִּבְנְשׂוֹא נֵס אָדוֹם, לָבָן וּתְכֵלֶת,
עָרִיצִים יִפְחָדוּ וְיִרְעָדוּ,
כִּבְנְשׂוֹא נֵס אָדוֹם, לָבָן וּתְכֵלֶת.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees,
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongue awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

Our father's God, to thee
Author of Liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

פִּצְחוּ רִנָּה הָרִים,
רַנְּנוּ עֲצֵי הַיְּעָרִים,
לַדְּרוֹר זַמֵּרוּ;
כֹּל אֲשֶׁר בְּאַפּוֹ נְשָׁמָה
יִתֵּן קוֹל עֹז בָּרָמָה;
גַּם אַבְנֵי הָאֲדָמָה
מַשְׂכִּיל שׁוֹרֵרוּ.

אַתָּה הָאֵל יוֹצֵר אוֹר,
אֲשֶׁר עִמְּךָ מְקוֹר הַדְּרוֹר,
לְךָ נִתְפַּלְּלָה;
שְׁלַח אוֹרְךָ לְאַרְצֵנוּ,
שָׁמְרָה אֶת חֵרוּתֵנוּ;
אָנָּא אֵל הַסְתִּירֵנוּ
בְּצֵל כְּנָפֶיךָ סֶלָה.

AMERICA:
OR, MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE.

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of Liberty,
    Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From ev'ry mountain side
    Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble, free,
    Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills
    Like that above.

לְאַרְצֵנוּ מִזְמוֹר שִׁיר.

אַרְצִי, בַּת דְּרוֹר נְעִמָה,
אָשִׁירָה לָךְ, רוֹמֵמָה,
אֲזַמְּרָה אֵלָיִךְ;
אֶרֶץ, אֲבוֹתַי נָעוּ,
נוֹדְדִים בָּהּ יִתְגָּאוּ,
חֹפֶשׁ וּדְרוֹר יִקְרָאוּ
עַל כָּל הָרָיִךְ.

אַרְצִי אַתְּ נֶחְמֶדֶת,
לִבְנֵי חוֹרִים מוֹלֶדֶת,
שְׁמֵךְ תַּאֲוַת נֶפֶשׁ;
אֲחוֹנֵן אַדְמַת עֲפָרֵךְ,
נָהָר, יַעַר וַהֲרָרֵךְ;
לִבִּי יָגֵל וִיבָרֵךְ
לְיוֹצְרֵךְ בַּת חֹפֶשׁ.

PRFEACE.

What more appropriate than that the songs that have thrilled American hearts should be rendered in the tongue of the first people, who spoke the word "Liberty"? What more fitting than that the songs of liberty should be uttered in the language of the Teacher, who exclaimed: "And ye shall proclaim freedom throughout the land unto all the inhabitants thereof," and "One law shall be to him, that is home-born, and unto the stranger that sojourneth among you."

To no one can the "Star Spangled Banner" hold out more promise than to the pioneers of civilization, to those who have suffered for centuries because they held holy the right of freedom of worship.

"My Country"—ah, how the prayer of thanksgiving comes from the Jewish heart. To him every word in this glorious song is holy. "My Country"—the Jew calls America, and he pours out his blood in gratitude. Under the folds of "The Red, White and Blue" the Jew has found rest and protection, and every blessed stripe and star is to him the dearest, holiest prize to be treasured and guarded with his life if need be.

To translate these songs into the language of the prophets has been a labor of love for me. I found, to my great delight, that the poets must have mused in Hebrew, because all I have done with the patriotic songs has been to restore them to their original tongue. I found the language to be that of the Scriptures. The oldest and the youngest nations thinking in the same vein, in the same measure, in the same tongue,—there must be some significance in this. Perhaps, nay, assuredly, the youngest nation is the heir of the oldest, and all that was best in the Jewish nation is now the possession of the American nation to be developed and cultivated for the benefit of all humanity.

In a very few lines I found some difficulty, and I was compelled to paraphrase without destroying the thought.

My earnest hope is that these songs, the American patriotic songs, will be adopted in Synagogues and Sabbath schools that the whole Jewish people may sing the praises of the youngest nation in the language of the oldest.

GERSON ROSENZWEIG.

TO

MAYER SULZBERGER,

EMBODYING

ALL THAT IS GOOD IN AMERICAN JUDAISM,

THIS MODEST WORK

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.

מזמרת הארץ

מזמרת הארץ.



AMERICAN NATIONAL SONGS IN HEBREW.

. . . BY . . .

GERSON ROSENZWEIG,

Editor the "HEBREW,"

Author of "Massecheth America" and "Shirim."